

THE ROOSEVELT BEARS ABROAD

By SEYMOUR EATON

Illustrated by R.K. CULVER

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IV. THE BEARS IN VENICE.

Yankee lad who wrote to Rome
telling the Bears to his Venice home
lived in Venice a year or two,
many gondoliers he knew.
The Grand Canal from end to end
the famous buildings at every bend,
the city squares like patch-work quilt,
the hundred islands on which it's built,
the Ducal Palace, he knew it well,
the Campanile where it fell,
old St. Mark's with its glittering dome
reaching all the sights of Rome,
the famous horses by kingdoms loaned
to Nero and Napoleon owned,
many homes both old and new,
where Byron lived and Browning too,
Titian's home on a canal aside,
the home where Wagner lived and died.
"I like better," said this Yankee chap,
"anything on the Venetian map,
even boys whom I'll invite
come with me to the train tonight
meet the bears with gondolas gay,
flags to wave and guitars to play,
give them welcomes and help," he said,
"paint the town a Venetian red."

Train arrived: the Bears were there;
cab or street-car anywhere;
a dozen lads and the gondoliers
welcome with three hearty cheers.
Off the jolly party went
the Grand Canal on pleasure bent,
Venice looks her best at night
in the moon sheds forth her fullest light.
Had heaps of fun and lots to eat,
things to see and friends to meet;
whole night through was spent in sport
boyish pranks of every sort.

Following day the Bears went out
the Yankee lad to stroll about;
a careless step by TEDDY-B
led him in the Adriatic Sea.
The Grand Canal or the big Lagoon
didn't know which but he got there soon.
TEDDY-G who thought that he
trying the water just to see

If warm enough for a summer swim
Made a fancy dive and followed him.
Then a shout went up from a gondolier
As he saw the two Bears disappear;
The police in boats rushed swift along
And soon there gathered a noisy throng;
But presently up came two Bears
Their mouths filled full of dirt and swears;
At least with growls which sounded bad
For both their faces looked pretty mad.
The water was hardly fit to drink
And if not so thick would make yellow ink.
Said TEDDY-G, when his tongue would talk,
As he pulled himself on the marble walk,
"That water I swallowed just now, I say,
Tastes all the world like consomme."

"That's not the soup," said TEDDY-B.
"You're getting things mixed, it's pure of pea."
"Whatever it is," TEDDY-G called out,
"It's rich in taste and good and stout."
Then off they ran to change their suits,
From nose to paw, from cap to boots.

They hired a gondola that afternoon
And sailed for hours around the lagoon
And up canals both large and small
Till on towards night they struck a squall
When rounding a point near the eastern end
Where the sea comes up in graceful bend
Their gondola rolled and tossed and tipped
And half upset and water dipped;
But TEDDY-G who pulled the oar
Was a captain brave and made the shore.
They said as they landed tired and wet,
"That gondola ride was the best thing yet."

TEDDY-G dressed up in Venetian style
And went out on the street for a little while
With new guitar to serenade
And show how Yankee tunes are played.
A crowd of boys at every square
Cheered long and loud for Teddy Bear
And old folks too when the Bear saw
Came crowding round to shake his paw.

They closed their week with fun and noise
By giving a picnic to Yankee boys.
A launch was hired by the Teddy Bears
And three gondolas with seats and chairs;
All fastened together with the launch ahead,
And colored banners, blue and red,
And stars and stripes and stuff to eat,
The jolliest kind of picnic treat.
The wheel was taken by TEDDY-B
And the engine run by TEDDY-G
And they made things go like sixty-three;
"The jolliest picnic we ever had
And the happiest day," said every lad.

Said TEDDY-G when they left next day,
"I'll pay the fare and map out the way.
I've heard of handits in the Roumanian wild
Who are in the mountains with a kidnapped child
And that route we'll take and get off and try
To catch those fellows and swing them high
With a lasso rope on a mountain tree
And set the kidnapped fellow free."
Said TEDDY-B, "Your scheme's all right;
It's time we had another fight.
But before we start I want a suit
Of hunting clothes and things that shoot."

Continued Next Week.



They hired a gondola that afternoon and sailed for hours around the lagoon.



With new guitar to serenade and to show how Yankee tunes are played.



"That water I swallowed just now I say, tastes all the world like consomme."